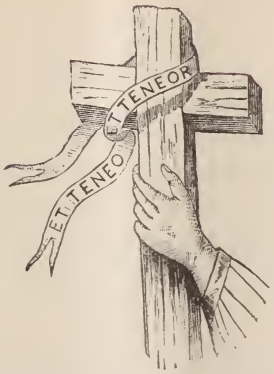
PROPERTY OF
PRINCETON
THEOLOGICAL
SEMINARY

Division SCC
Section 9362
No. V.3-4

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2015

https://archive.org/details/womansworkforwom44woma

Woman's Work for Woman.



Vol. IV. SEPTEMBER, 1874. No. 4.

Beyond the Seas.

AFRICA.

Miss Bella A. Nassau.

Benita, March 16, 1874.

. . . Every Sabbath afternoon there is a half-hour prayer-meeting here attended by fourteen women, Christians, who take part in it. A week since, I spoke earnestly to them, and desired that each one would take this question into her heart, pray over it through the week, and in our next meeting tell the answer that the Saviour had shown her. The question was, "Am I doing all that the Saviour wishes me to do?" Yesterday, promptly when the bell rang, all were there, and now let me pour into your ears some of the thoughts that these dear women uttered. I will write their native names. Iyâbĕ (for a long time, *i. e.*, six or seven

years, a Christian, now a widow and living on Mission premises in the Widow's House,) said, "Last Sabbath we were given a subject to think upon and pray about. We have done so through the week. It is but one thing for us to do, and God has showed us that we have but 'one thing to do'" (meaning in His service).

Tango (a noble, loving woman, the mother of several grown up children, herself a widow and now living in the Widow's House), said, "Yes, as we have heard and learned, so we will teach others. We will go from place to place telling the Word and teaching other women. We will do it every day." Ulĭndâ (a broken looking woman, old, the widow of one of our Christian men, who a few months since died in the triumph of Christian faith), said, "We must do so. It is but one thing for all. If we do not all do so, then we will be hiding what God has given us." Iyanga (a young woman, wife of a Christian man, herself in the church about one year. She is very earnest *at times*, but is apt to vary; she is very excitable, and needs the motherly companionship and leadership of the noble Tango), said, "Yes, we will go from place to place. We have asked God to give us light on our path about doing His work, and now He has showed us what to do. We will go every day. If we do not, then we will be hiding the good Word, and we will not receive a blessing in our own hearts. Yes, we will do it. I have no other word."

Iduka (an old, old woman, has had ten children, now has neither husband or child, never listened to gospel truth until within the last year, lives in the Widow's House), said, "I am old, my days are all gone, my feet are gone, my head is gone, I cannot go with the others, but I will help; when I get water at the spring and meet some one, I will speak the Word; when any one comes into my house, I will speak the Word to them. Yes, I will help for I have only this thing to live for." Dear feeble, old Iduka! She says God has taken her children, but has given the missionaries to her as her children, and so she calls Mr. Murphy, myself and Miss Charity.

Bohita (a very civilized and gentle Christian woman, wife of a Christian man, a teacher in Corisco school), said, "I and Benjĕ

(the wife of Scripture at Hanjĕ, fifteen miles from Benita), have begun lately to visit women in all the towns. In some the women are glad to see us, and desire us to come very often; in other towns they say, 'Oh, you who live with the mission, and learn the ways of the white people and wear dresses, and get plenty of things, and keep your houses good, you need not come to us,' but that does not hinder us from going; we say we will do our duty, and the dust of our feet we may cast off regarding them." Pĕmbĕ (wife of one of our best young Christian men, the little mother of two children, herself scarcely sixteen years old), said, "We have heard what Miss Bella has told us about the prayers of Christian ladies in America for us, and we will ourselves, do with the help of God the work He has given us here in speaking the Word in our own tongue."

Besides these seven women who expressed their thoughts, there were three others who simply agreed, saying, "We have no other word than that which our sisters have spoken." These women do not expect me to appoint the days for their work in the towns; they go by their own prompting, and perhaps all I will know about what they have done is when I meet them going, or after evening worship they stop to tell me But they do not seem to think it is a work to be done stintedly or for pay. I have not yet told Tango that I have given her name to a church in America as their Bible woman; I have a plan for testing her still further. In trembling hope and trust I will carry it out, and send you the result. I want to see how nobly she will do her work. I think she has much of the spirit of the apostle Paul—she has but *one thing to do*, and that is the work for Jesus. I think there is very much to encourage us, and, oh, there is nothing so powerful in its influence on the hearts, especially of the poor burdened women in the towns, than to go and sit by them in their low bamboo houses, talk tenderly as to one of highest refinement, and kneeling on the clay floor, try to pray, even though imperfectly, in their own familiar tongue.

A sweet young widow lady in Glasgow said to Miss Lush and myself, "It is a blessed thing to learn a new language for Jesus."

Dear friends, precious sisters in Christ! this is our *privilege*. When sometimes I find special freedom in using the language, I wonder at the high honor which the Saviour has given me! O pray for me! pray for me, that I may have increasing influence in this, for there is more than one dialect among these tribes; all must *read* in one dialect, but I would have more influence if I could use freely other dialects. Pray for me!

AFRICA.

Mrs. Reutlinger.

Elongo, March, 1874.

We on the island, feel a little more lonely since Evangesimba is vacant; there is more work to do, and more strength needed. Since the middle of January, we have also set apart a day every week for the women near Evangesimba. We go over there every Wednesday. Mrs. De Heer has a great deal to do, so of late, I have been going alone. We give them sewing that day, and hold a prayer-meeting. They are mostly Christians and members of the class who attend it, and thus far it has been very pleasant. There is one woman among them who is a great favorite with us all. Her name is Ilâti. I am sorry to say she is the wife of a polygamist, but as far as we know her, she is an earnest Christian.

These Christian women have a prayer-meeting among themselves every Friday. Of late, some seem to have neglected it. Ilâti begged them not to give it up, but to be earnest in prayer, telling them they needed to pray together so as to strengthen one another's faith. Turning around to me, she said: "Mama, will you not remember us especially, on that day?" I was going to answer when another spoke up and said, "Why, Mama does pray for us, for it is her work." Sometimes those words bring sad feelings to our hearts They expect a thing from us, they say, "It is her work to do it, her work to give it," as much as to say, she is paid for it. Just as that Indian missionary heard it from one whom she had attended in sickness. Poor heathen, they will never know what

we, in many cases, give up for them. But this time, the words, "It is her work," her work to pray, gladdened my heart, and made me rejoice. I only wish I could come up to that work as I should, praying and working, leaving it to God to bless.

PERSIA.

Miss Jennie Dean.

Oroomiah, March 31, 1874.

. . . As soon as possible after the term opens I dispose of our girls as best I can, and inform their adopted parents of their charge, but before I hear from them in reply, the girls are gone again for the summer. The fall does not bring all back again, and then another adjustment is necessary. I hope the plan of scholarships will succeed. I thought I should be able to do more writing this winter, but with difficulty I have been able to attend to necessary school duties. I am to spend about three months in travelling, this summer. I start the 1st of June, and go to Van, six days distant, to attend the Eastern Turkey Annual Meeting; from there I return with Mr. Easton, to Tabreez. From Tabreez I return with Mr. and Mrs. Oldfather, by still another route, but not on our own field. I hope I may get good and do good. Precious opportunities these, that we have for labouring consciously or unconsciously for souls about us.

THE NEEDLE BOOK.

April 1.—I was just putting up a beautiful morocco needle book which my friends gave me, to send to Rachel of Boton. She was in the school two years—was a widow with three little girls, but since she went home last summer, is married to one of our helpers, and I hear she is doing very much for the women of her village. There has never been a girl in school to whom I was so much attached, and not one that seemed quite so true in every way. But about the needle book; I was thinking what joy it has given, and will give. Poor unconscious thing! The one who sent it to me was glad, I know. I was very glad to get, and am

even more glad to send it to Rachel, for I know Rachel will be glad beyond expression to receive it. The needles will be invaluable to her. Her home is sixteen days distant, in the mountains, among the Koords, and the wonderful story of that needle book will be told over and over again. It will help the women to believe that there are real human beings away off in America. It will help them better to understand what kindness flows out from Christianity.

I was just saying to myself, "Dear Rachel, I shall never see her again, till I meet her in the presence of our Saviour," her's and mine. Oh, what joy will be in that meeting! I trust too there will be many others, who will make glad both your heart and mine "up there." What must it be to be there? I'm sure Christ will point out to you and others, who like you, are laboring with so much earnestness and self denial for souls in Persia, those whom you have been instrumental in saving.

. . . There are two girls I would like to give you, and I feel quite sure these will be in school next year,—Sahdie of Dizza and Nergis of Seir. I would like to keep a strong hold on your Society, for we have so many tokens of remembrance from you. The clock keeps excellent time. If I hear in time that you would like three girls more, I will be happy to give them to you from the new ones this fall.

CHINA.

Miss Hattie Noyes.

Canton, February 24, 1874.

. . . I wish particularly this evening to tell you about a dear girl, until quite recently a member of the "Washington School," who is now in the furnace of affliction, "persecuted for righteousness sake." She has been in the school for nearly five years, and is an unusually bright and interesting girl. She united with the church about six months since, and immediately began doing active mission work, going from house to house, and talking and reading and praying with those who were willing to hear her. But un-

fortunately she had (according to Chinese custom) been betrothed when very young to a heathen man. A little more than a month ago they were married. The Chinese marriage ceremony requires the bride and groom to bow together before the idols, and when Ahing (as this girl is called) told her family that she could not and would not, they by main force pulled her feet from under her, and pushed her down upon the ground. Ever since they have treated her very cruelly, scolding her continually because she will not yield to their wishes and join with them in worshipping the idols. They will not allow any of us to come to the house, so the poor child has no earthly friend to whom she can look for comfort. She is very young and frail—only sixteen—and it seems very hard for her to be alone with those who treat her with only unkindness.

I have seen her but once since, for a few moments; at the time of the New Year's holidays they allowed her to go to her mother for a few hours, and on the way she came here, but begged me not to tell any one, lest her husband and his relatives should hear that she had been here. My heart ached for her; it is sad to feel so utterly helpless to do anything for her. We knelt and prayed that Jesus would be with her *always*, and help her in all the future to cling close to Him. And now, dear Christian friends, I have felt that I must write and beseech you to remember this dear young girl, and pray often for her, that Jesus Himself will comfort her and lighten her burden, or give her strength to bear it. Dear friends, pray for her that her faith *fail not*.

I have never been more attached to any of the girls who have been under my care during the years that I have been in China. She said the other day "that if she might only have been a teacher, and associated with Christians, instead of getting married, she would have been so happy." I have heard that the family into which she has married expect soon to remove to a place one hundred miles away, and if so she must go with them. The last Sabbath before she was married, she visited seven families and talked with twenty-three women, but now she is not allowed to speak of this "new religion."

BRAZIL.

Miss M. P. Dascomb.

S. Joao do Rio Clara, January 31, 1874.

. . . Our school, just now enjoying an enforced vacation from the fright caused by the small pox, is increasingly large, numbering nearly one hundred and eighty. There are four or five other schools under Mr. Da Gama's care in large settlements. One or two more are imperatively demanded. In April, the retrenchment called for by the Board must begin if some other way of supplying these schools with teachers cannot be found. I dread to think of the consequences. A little can be got from the people here, and *but little*. The other missionaries think we ought to demand a fee from all our pupils, as well as from those in the secondary department. This measure would deprive us of many of our most interesting pupils, a result much to be deplored. I like the idea of every one doing something, only question if it is feasible at present. *Therefore*, it has come into my head and heart to ask Philadelphia Sunday-schools to invest in two Brazilian teachers. The weekly penny contributions of two moderate sized schools would furnish the $20 a month necessary for one teacher. I would try to keep them informed of her welfare and success.

I know that some one may have been before me and permanently engaged these contributions; still I have strong hopes that if any one would be so kind as to inquire a little, some schools may be found within the circle of your Society's influence who are not so pre-occupied as to prevent such a contract.

WESTERN INDIA.

Mrs. R. G. Wilder.

Kolapoor, Jan. 3, 1874.

. . . It required much courage for Belle Green (Poonee) to make a public profession of her faith in Christ. We had almost given up her doing so at all, when some eight months ago, she suddenly surprised us, by breaking away from her mother and

brother, and coming out fully on the Lord's side. It was indeed a time of joy to us all, when Poonee entered into covenant with the Lord and our little church to walk as a Christian, and we have ever since been much cheered by her meekness and firmness in the midst of many trials.

We were, a few days ago, much gratified by her marriage to a Christian young man of good education, who will, we hope, in time be very useful as a native preacher. They were married by my husband at our daily season of worship, in our Home Chapel, according to our simple Presbyterian form. The bride looked bright and pleasant, in her neat plain *sarree*, bordered with red silk. She and her husband, a converted Musselman, both looked bright and happy, receiving the congratulations of our missionaries and the native Christians. We were truly glad to see the room so well filled with interested countenances, to witness the simple Christian marriage ceremony, so free from extravagance and idolatry. The children, aided by our little Grace, tied up many neat little bouquets of roses and other flowers, which scattered about in their freshness, gave an air of cheerful brightness to the room; then the hearty good singing, aided by the sweet tones of our organ, added to the charm of the occasion, and the whole scene will be a pleasant picture to carry in memory for years to came.

The event of Poonee's marriage has caused some stir among the parents of our school-girls, but not many girls have been taken, as yet, from the school. Nothing so much as a Christian marriage makes this people feel the progress of Christianity. In the midst of this darkness, an intelligent Christian family acts as leaven.

INDIA.

Mrs. Calderwood.

Saharanpur, Feb. 19, 1874.

. . . Girls' schools have, during the past year, been my chief work and that of the Bible-woman. We felt deeply that girls' schools among our Mohammedan neighbors, exert an influence which can-

not but yield fruit when the right time comes. Each school contains one class of young married women, and many mothers of families sit and learn with the girls, as earnestly as their daughters, so that our schools here are really zenana schools, and our work in them, zenana work. Five girls' schools were established during the past year, and these, with two which were established years ago, make the present number of our girls' schools seven. These seven are for the wives and daughters of Mohammedans. Very soon several will be opened for Hindu girls and women. As soon as they are going, I shall inform you about them, as they will be different from our Mohammedan schools. The girls' schools are constantly becoming more and more popular among the Mohammedans, and I often wonder that more obstacles to this work are not placed in my way. It is well known that the Bible truths, and the catechism are the chief things taught in my schools.

The Mohammedans have numbers of schools where their daughters can learn to read the Koran. At present, all over our city, Mohammedan men and women teach the reading of the Koran, and it seems to have been so forty years ago. I know, personally, numbers of elderly women who were taught reading when children. What is worse, government will pay for such teaching, and encourage it all they can. You, therefore, can easily understand, that many discouragements are met with. It is on account of this fact, that during the past year, we had to encounter more difficulties than before, and felt that it was time to urge our plans forward. I should like to give you a clear idea of one of our schools, and that description would do for all, as they differ very little, one from the other, except in the number of the pupils.

WHAT YOU WOULD SEE AT SCHOOL.

I wish you could go with me through some of the narrow, winding, muddy streets of our large city. Your hearts would sicken many times at various scenes in heathen life, and just when you would most wish to look at something more pleasing, we would stop before a brick building, and find up stairs, about fifty girls, neatly dressed. They all would rise to salute you, and would be quickly

seated again; of course not on such seats as school children sit on in America, but on the floor and upon mats. Among them you would find a fine, intelligent, Christian woman, to whom they recite their Bible lesson, catechism and hymns. You would also notice an elderly Mohammedan woman, who moves among them with quite the dignity of a school-mistress. While hearing a class of young women read the gospel in their own language fluently, you could not but realize that a brighter day for these women is dawning. Nor could you listen to the second class, a class of twenty intelligent children, all about the age of ten, read in Dr. Barth's Bible stories, and answer any question on what they have read, quickly and correctly as American children would, without feeling that good has been done to them. You would find both classes nearly as far advanced in writing and arithmetic, as girls of the same age in America. Not less interesting would the infant class appear, all about five years old, bright, and most of them, pretty little girls. They would recite from memory, questions of the small catechism, and many hymns; of course these little ones repeat at home among the circle of their parents, brothers and relatives, what they hear and learn at school. If you would spend among them only two hours, you would see how quietly they lay aside their books, and take up their knitting, and you would agree with me that fifty of our Indian girls are much more easily managed than an equal number of American children. I have seldom, if ever, reproved any of them for disobedience.

At present I have only one Bible-woman, and six Mohammedan women who teach in the girls' schools. I have more than enough to do. Several Christian women who were employed as teachers had, on account of unfitness for the work, to be discharged. This is a sad statement, but it must be told, and I hope that you will pray for our Christian sisters, that the Holy Spirit may do His work among them, and also, that soon steps may be taken to establish a training school for such Christian women. To send such as are not fit to teach among the heathen, is like telling the blind to lead the blind. Secular teaching is done well and cheaply by Mohammedan women, trained up to it in our schools; therefore we can

employ only pious and zealous native Christian women, who feel an interest in the Master's work. During the past year, we have done a good deal in proclaiming the gospel to women at melas and other places. I would like to tell you about our work among them at the great Hardwar mela, in April, but it would take too much space for this letter.

We have spent also much time in quiet visits in zenanas: we try to visit and revisit as great a number of them as our time will allow, but we have not been able, as yet, to teach fancy work, and teach regular lessons in them. As long as we have not a greater number of suitable workers, we can only visit our friends in zenanas, and urge the plan of salvation upon their darkened minds, and read the gospel in as many homes as we can. However, we shall have to teach during this year, in at least six zenanas regularly, as they urge us so strongly to do so. At a future time, I shall write you more about our zenana work. I should add that one of my Bible-women who gave good promise of future usefulness went home to her Master; she was a delicate woman of only twenty-two years, and very talented; she died suddenly while reading her Bible.

INDIA.

Mrs. Wherry.

Lodiana, February 28, 1874.

. . . Besides the Christian woman who has been under my superintendence for some time, I have now two others, Belinda, a zenana teacher, and Jivi, a teacher in a Mohammedan girls' school. For these two I would like very much to have monthly allowances. In this same school I have been obliged to employ a heathen Munshi, who teaches the girls to read and write, while I give the religious instruction, and the Christian woman teaches hymns and verses of Scripture. For Belinda I would like to have $2 per month, and for the school expenses $6. I have promised a doll to each little girl who will attend regularly. There are sixteen

girls in attendance; not one of them can read, so I will have a splendid opportunity of seeing how they progress. I should think their ages ranged from seven to thirteen. "The Peep of Day" is my hand-book. I am greatly pleased with this little book which is translated into Urdu. It is just suited for giving religious instruction to such children. To-day they have a holiday. It is the Maharram, or first month of the Mohammedans, held sacred because Hassain, son of Ali, was supposed to have been killed on that day.

Many of the people make a "Tazia"—a representation of the tomb of the grandsons of Mohammed, Hassan and Hussain. It is made of paper and tinsel, is set out in the street, and to it people bring offerings. Sometimes the people congregate near one, and sitting in a circle, read the account of the deaths of these men till they are affected to tears. In the evening the people go in procession with their "Tazias" and bury them in the river close by. It is a long story and I cannot tell you all the whys and wherefores of it, but I have seen men trying to weep when it seemed difficult to make the tears flow.

I have asked for help, knowing how ready and willing the dear sisters at home are, to do all they possibly can for us. I know you join us in pleading for the souls of these people. They are fearfully indifferent. Nothing, *nothing* but the grace of God can ever make them different from what they now are.

INDIA.

Mrs. B. D. Wyckoff.

Woodstock, December 12, 1873.

. . . When your letter reached me in September, I was at my dear old station Mynpurie, where I had gone for a change of air on account of ill health. About the middlle of July I was taken ill; when the doctor ordered me to the Hills. Although in a very unfit state to travel, I started for Mynpurie, forty miles away, in a conveyance drawn by oxen. Upon reaching M. I felt so happy to be back at my old home once more, that I earnestly hoped soon

to be well again. But instead of this I became worse, and then felt it to be absolutely necessary for me to proceed to the Hills as speedily as possible. Mynpurie is thirty miles from the railroad. To accomplish this journey we procured a carriage, in which I could lie down, and with relays of horses every seven miles, we got on very comfortably. Took the cars at 8 P. M., travelled all that night and the next day till 1 P. M., when we reached Saharunpore, one of our mission stations. The family had a short time before gone to the Hills, so we went to a staging bungalow, got dinner, and rested till evening, when we resumed our journey, in a vehicle resembling an omnibus, drawn a part of the way by oxen and part by balky horses, over one of the worst roads I ever travelled. We had fifty miles to travel in this style before reaching Dehra, one of our most beautiful mission stations. We rested a day and night at Dehra, and took a carriage early the next morning, seven miles to Rajpore, from which point Lily and myself were carried in a covered chair on men's shoulders seven miles. over steep winding paths to "Woodstock." Mr. Wyckoff and the boys rode up on ponies.

. . . I am sure you will rejoice with me when I tell you, that both Mula and Baldeo date their first serious impressions to my labors and prayers with and for them. To God alone be all the praise! They both are humble, earnest, working Christians. Baldeo told me that his greatest joy is to proclaim a risen Saviour to his benighted countrymen; this too when we all know the great bitterness and opposition he must encounter whenever he names Christ among them. Both he and Mula are burning and shining lights; their influence is widely felt, and I trust they may be the means of bringing many others to Christ.

Baldeo was one of the first teachers I employed in the girls' school. At that time he had never even heard of Jesus. Mula often came into the school when I visited it, but it was a long time before I could induce her to learn to read. She now reads very well, though nearly sixty years old. It is very cheering to find fruit after years of toil, and I can tell you of it, because I know you will not think me boastful. . . . If the Lord will, we hope

to get our little exiles home next year, that they may attend school here at Woodstock. This happy anticipation cheers me day and night.

INDIA.

Miss Edith A Blunt.

Futtehgurh, May 14, 1874.

. . . By 7½ A. M. I am generally seated talking with my women. In thought I shall now take you, to see us discoursing together. The carriage stops on the main road, and I descend to go through a narrow alley, up to the house. I have advanced but a few steps, when smiling girlish faces peep out of doorways, some following in the rear, whilst one or two run ahead, exclaiming, the "Missy Isaba has come, Missy Isaba has come!" Having reached the house door, women come, with their eyes beaming with joy, and greet me with the usual salutation of "salaam.' A mat is dragged out, and being spread on the clean earthen floor, a high stool or a rough bedstead is brought forward, and I am asked to be seated; in the hot season a hand-fan is called for, and then we begin our talk. A quarter of an hour or twenty minutes are always spent in asking after the healths of those around, speaking to the babies, with which the poor mothers seem always to be burdened by carrying on their arms, then I am asked to sing a hymn, translated into the Hindoostanee to suit the natives. Oftener they call for a Bhajan. I am only a novice in singing the latter, for the style is so very different from our English tunes.

If any of my listeners can read for themselves, I choose a few verses of the Bible, and comment upon the truths they contain; but if they are unlettered, I show them a large painted picture, telling them the history of it. I have a dozen of these engravings, put up in a wooden frame, and set off with bright scarlet cloth round the four sides of it. The pictures most called for are, Noah, Daniel, The Prodigal Son, Good Samaritan, Return of Jacob's Sons, and the Serpent in the Wilderness. I tell them the story of one at each visit, and try to explain it in as simple a style as I possibly can,

always closing my discourse by pointing my hearers to Jesus as our Saviour, our only refuge, and He through whom alone we can obtain a place in that happy land. Some plain questions are then asked and answered, and one more hymn is begged for. The inmates of these houses are with one accord passionately fond of singing, and generally follow me in the hymns. My very soul feels stirred to hear so many heathen lips singing songs of praise to "Him whom my soul loveth." Silently I am led to exclaim, "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise."

The time having come to bid adieu to my listeners, I rise to go, but am forced into sitting down for a little while longer; before I leave I am questioned as to when I will come again, and when I say four weeks hence, their countenances change expression and they look sad. My audience in most houses amounts to about fifteen big and little folk, almost all of whom accompany me up to the carriage to see me off. I have also had visits from some of the women, who have hired a conveyance and come to my house. Hindoo women are, as a rule, more inclined to listen to our talk than Mohammedan ones, and my eight houses are all chosen from the former class. The improvement the children are making in acquiring Hindi, is very encouraging, taking all things into consideration. May our Father bestow His blessing and grace on every effort made to promote His cause, and may India become the garden the prophet Isaiah speaks about in his prophecies!

Every Thursday morning I walk over to the house of a native lady called Mrs. Kelly; she is an aged woman, who can neither read nor write. I meet about six individuals here, and read them a chapter in the Bible in Hindi, explaining as I go on. Two hymns are usually sung, and our hour's meeting together is brought to a close with a prayer, asking God to bless the Word as read and talked upon, beseeching Him to guide us in the right and only way.

Now I must tell you about my children. I have eight at present; in reality they belong to our servants, but I yearn over them

with quite a parental affection, and I shall tell you why? Three of them are boys, and the remaining five, girls, all between the ages of twelve and seven years. About eleven months ago, I opened a school in the compound, over which I appointed our syce's wife as teacher, having previously given her lessons in Hindi, myself. At first we taught them together, and by degrees I left them for her to instruct herself. Two of them are still very backward; the rest can read pretty well. In a few weeks time I hope to give two of them the four Gospels to read for themselves. They can sing very nicely too, and have learned about eight hymns by heart. What joy it would be to me to see these eight souls I am training here below, working in my Master's vineyard!

INDIA.

Mrs. C. B. Newton of Lahore, writes under date of May 25: "We have met with a sad loss in our native Christian community. Dhunno, my Christian teacher, died a week ago last Saturday morning, after an illness of only four days. She was decidedly the most faithful woman in the compound. Her husband, a book-binder by trade, happened to be without regular employment and has taken the school."

IMPRESSIONS OF A VISITOR.

Woman's work for woman; who can estimate its important results? I have been an eye-witness to the self-denying labors of many of your female helpers, in many heathen lands. Let me speak of one, the wife of a Presbyterian missionary of India, a lady of good judgment, respected and beloved by all.

In company with Mrs. Fordyce, of the Scotch Missionary Society at Simla, and herself, we visited several of her zenana houses. The Hindoo and Mohammedan females received us gladly. We also went to her schools taught by *widows*. The girls answered our questions as readily as any in the finest in our own land.

At the spacious dwelling of a wealthy, influential Baboo there

was more elegance of dress and other articles, than I ever saw displayed elsewhere. The wife of the Baboo was expecting us; on our first being seated otto of roses was unsparingly poured upon us, then a tray passed with cardimom seeds, after which fruits from the centre table, cakes, candies, &c., were offered by the wife standing, who was covered with the most costly jewelry. We were careful not to touch any dish or tray, as thereby it would have been destroyed as having been polluted. Your faithful missionary had been long teaching the mother and her daughters, with the aid of the Bible woman Punditain. They were progressing in knowledge both of the earth and of our own wonderful religion. A polite note was received sometime afterwards from the Baboo, requesting her visits to be discontinued, with thanks for past favors. He took occasion to say to a friend, that he was a Hindu and did not wish his family to renounce their belief in Hinduism. The ostensible reason was this, "he did not really care much about the religious view of the matter, but his fear was, if they became Christians they might also wish to adopt the Christian customs, of allowing gentlemen to put their arms around them in the dance, and also dress *décolleté*, which he abhorred." Thus you see how the good was hindered in this prominent city family

This work for the beloved Saviour and eternity is glorious—transcending thought and even hope—no one can imagine its importance by the "hearing of the ear," one must see with his own eyes. No one can feel Christ's command, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature," until the Holy Ghost has implanted His divine influences in the heart and will.

A. W.

"For as the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater: so shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth: it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it."

At Home.

THE REASON WHY.

A GREAT many appeals have come to headquarters lately, asking that *Woman's Work* be published monthly instead of bimonthly. A year ago we expressed the hope that we might be able to do this before long. This year, in our Annual Report, we could only record still the same wish and hope. The pressure has all the time been growing stronger and stronger upon us to make the change, until finally we attacked the matter resolutely, estimated expenses, calculated increase of cost, laid our heads together earnestly, and took a good look into the whole subject. As soon as our own minds were clear about it we were going to write to our sisters of the Northwest, and see what they were minded to do. But our "good look" resulted in this: it would be an impossibility to meet the expenses of monthly publication, even if each number contained a few less pages, and if our subscription list should go up to 15,000 from 10,000, where it now stands. If every subscriber would *pay promptly* it might perhaps, under the conditions just named, be done. But this is just what every subscriber does not do, and therefore, though new names come in frequently, old ones are dropped on account of nonpayment, and thus the balance remains about the same.

Dear sister, now reading these lines, perhaps you are one who values very highly this little visitor to your homes, and wishes sincerely that it might knock at your door once a month instead of once in two months. And yet do you always pay your subscription as soon as the gentle reminder appears on the cover of your copy (if not before), and do you ever try to give it a helping hand by seeking to extend its circulation? If you never have done this it is time now to begin and do your part towards enabling us to gratify your desire, that we should come to you oftener with our tidings from a far country. The tidings come often enough

to us, and we would gladly give them to you more frequently if we could do so without incurring indebtedness.

We do not wish to raise the price, because we would have it within the reach of all. We want to maintain the same style, character, and price, except where the former may be improved, and yet send it to you twice as often as we do now. The moment we see the way clear to take this step forward with no danger of having to take it back again, or find ourselves in the mire of debt, we shall gladly take it. Will not every reader help to remove the obstacles from the path?

A LITTLE HARD.

When a pole is run through a bucket handle and two persons agree to carry it together, it is a little hard on one if the other drops his end, so that either must by a great effort manage to hold up pole, bucket and all, or else the bucket must go to the ground. It seems a little mean, to say the least, to agree to share work with some one, and then leave it all to be done by the other party, or not done at all. Yet just this thing is often seen in our missionary work, on this wise: a society or band agrees to support a certain missionary, or Bible reader, or scholar, and to maintain correspondence with her for their mutual benefit. They take up their end of the pole, perhaps bravely, writing at once to the object of their interest; or perhaps they do not really take hold of the pole themselves, but they ask that the Secretary of the main Society will do it for them. Well, after a while, after the pole has been held very level for a time without any trouble on their part, it begins to go down. They have had one or two letters from the distant missionary or the pupil in her school (which has cost the missionary some trouble too), and have read them aloud and rejoiced in them and thought what a nice thing it was to get letters from India or China, directed to themselves. They did not indeed think of answering them, but expected them to continue coming all the same. They do not however; what can be the matter? Then they sit down and write to one of the poor secre-

taries, and complain of flagging interest, cessation of letters, and general discouragement. They do not see that all the trouble is in their not holding up their end of the pole!

Let us see what some of our missionaries (who have a good deal to do by the way, besides holding up poles) say about this matter. One writes thus, after speaking of the requests made to her for special objects: "I always write and can generally give them the names, but then that is the end of the correspondence on their side, and I am expected to keep up the correspondence alone, and the name of the scholar, the people supporting the child, and their address, and the date of my letters to them. Is not this a little hard? I see in the last number of *Woman's Work* that this very thing is mentioned, and I was very glad to see it."

Another says, "I think the writing of letters to mission bands, &c., is as much a part of our work as teaching the heathen, but I do wish our correspondents would more frequently reply. We are frequently told, 'your letters do us *so much good*,' but I am sure no one can estimate the help and comfort which we receive from the kind, encouraging letters that our sisters in the home-land send us."

One of our missionaries has given her sad testimony on this subject—not in writing but in conversation with one of our Society at home. The band of Christian women who claimed her as their missionary *never* wrote to her. She wrote to them once after she arrived at her field of labor but never had any answer. A fellow missionary, working by her side, had often long, cheering, helpful letters from the society to whom she belonged, and the neglected one would try to share the comfort offered her by her companion out of her letters, but it was with a weary, pained feeling that she did it. She needed, oh so much! the strength and help which warm-hearted letters from that sisterhood at home would have given her, but alas, she had it not.

We beg you, workers for this cause at home, in the name of these noble women on the field, who are laboring for the Master with none of the comforts and advantages which surround you, let not these words of theirs be uttered in vain. They can indeed

help *you* much in *your* work, but think what a source of strength and joy it is to them, to be assured of the sympathy, the interest, and the prayers of the bands of women who claim them as their own. It is not much of an effort for you to give this to them, but it is very much to them to receive it from you.

OUR MAGAZINE ONCE MORE.

We are making an extra effort this season to increase our subscription list, that we may begin a monthly issue as soon as possible. To this end we ask the hearty coöperation of every member of each auxiliary society, band, or circle, and we cannot but feel that this is no more than we have a right to expect. Our magazine is the medium of communication between the workers of our Society, at home and abroad. Can a scattered family work and think in unison if each is kept in ignorance of the others' plans and achievements? We are a large band, those of us in the home department, scattered over this great country, from the Atlantic to the Golden Gate. Do you ask how large? Last year over $60,000 found their way into our treasury; a large part of that amount came in single dollars and even smaller sums. There were very few individuals who gave large amounts. What does this prove? Not that there were 60,000 contributors perhaps, but the figures come very much nearer to it than one would imagine at the first glance. And besides, there are thousands of our Western sisters whose offerings flow into the treasury of the Woman's Board at Chicago. But confining ourselves to the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, and making the extremely low estimate of only half of 60,000, we have 30,000 contributors and 10,000 copies of *Woman's Work* taken! What of the 20,000? These sisters we would show what their dollars have been the means of accomplishing. We would bring them into closer sympathy with the others, and reveal to them our plans, our hopes, our difficulties, and it may be the answers to their own prayers. Why is not each one a subscriber to *Woman's Work?*

Will not every auxiliary take this matter in hand earnestly and

prayerfully as they have not done before? Appoint a person or committee to see that as large a number of members as possible is on the list. *Every* member should be a subscriber, and every lady member of the church should be a member of your auxiliary. If this were the case there would be 300,000 contributors reading *Woman's Work* every month. Think of it! Let this work be well done in *your* church and the figures will expand amazingly.

THE HINDU QUEEN.

From her rubies and diamonds the rarest,
And silver and gold;
From her robes of the finest and fairest
The Indies behold,—

To the valley of shadows, unlighted
By heavenly ray,
Where the hopes of a life are all blighted,—
The queen passed away.

No loving hand leads her to glory
Ere farewells are said,
No rapturous notes tell the story
Of *her* ransom paid.

O woman, whose Saviour appointed
Thy pathway to bliss,
And with gladness of heart has anointed
Each child who is His,—

Wilt thou from a sister immortal
Withhold the sweet Name?
Or the Way, and the wide opened Portal
E'er cease to proclaim?

Oh, rest not! the moments are speeding,
And swift to their doom
Are precious souls passing, unheeding
Its terror and gloom!

Lead them upward with joy to the heaven
Prepared for thy home,
To dwell with thy Jesus, forgiven,
Through ages to come!

"LOOKING UNTO JESUS,"

As regards our foreign missionary work, is not in vain. Of course for our own personal needs, for pardon, acceptance, and that our feet may be kept from falling, we look to our blessed Saviour and to Him alone, but when it comes to some special object, such as the arrangements for and success of a meeting, our faith in our Lord's undertaking it for us, may not be always sufficiently direct. We forget that any interest we are privileged to take in the work of giving the gospel to the world is all from Him; and that He only, and as easily, can turn the hearts of others in the same direction.

For the encouragement of others, let me give fresh proof from this week's experience, that of and through our Lord Christ are indeed all things. Our missionary meeting here, though always interesting to those present, had been comparatively small. It had been difficult to secure the attendance of our regular collectors. This was disheartening. But before our meeting of this week, feeling more than ever our own helplessness in the matter, we were led to apply to it the motto, "Looking unto Jesus." Need I tell the result? A large number there, all showing such deep interest as promised earnest effort for the future Let me say that in one church a few extra notices by postal card were sent out, but these were not all received until after the meeting. And we know that thoughts as to new methods of work also come to us from above, so our Lord should have all the glory. Let us then trust in Him at all times—commit the way of our Society's work to Him, ready to follow as He goes before—and He will bring to pass what is to His honor, and to the good of those we seek to bless. H.

We announce with pleasure that Miss Loring of the Syrian Mission, is at work in the home field this autumn. All who desire to have her address their societies or hold meetings among them, will please notify the Home Secretary, Mrs. J. M. Fishburn, 1334 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, as soon as practicable.

NEW AUXILIARIES AND BANDS.

AUXILIARIES.

Olivet Church, Philadelphia.
Port Penn, Del.
Odessa, Del.
Apollo, Pa.
Mechanicsburg, Pa.
Bellevue Church, Gap, Pa.
Short Creek Church, Ohio.
Carrollton Church, Ohio.
Memorial Church, Mt. Pleasant, Pa.
Delhi, Ohio.
West Lebanon, Pa.
Saltsburg, Pa.
Trenton, Ohio.
Liberty, Ohio.
Delaware, Ohio.
Williamsburg, Pa.

BANDS.

New Lisbon Miss. Band, Ohio.
Willing Workers, Newark, Ohio.
Young People's Band, Oneonta, N. Y.

NEW LIFE MEMBERS.

Mrs. Sarah B. Beatty,
Mrs. Anna D. Shields,
Mrs. Nancy Kennedy,
Mrs. Rev. C. S. Pomeroy,
Mrs. Harriet J. Agnew,
Mrs. E. S. Loop,
Mrs. Charles Hyde,
Miss Carrie T. Milliken,
Adelyn W. Bimpson,
Miss M. Jennie Stuart,
Mrs. Elizabeth F. Lawson,
Miss Sibie Lawson,
Rev. Wm. H. Lester,
Mrs. Henry Giles,
Miss Anna Taylor,
Miss Nannie Murray,
Miss Lizzie Bushfield.

Receipts of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Presbyterian Church, from June 1, 1874.

Mrs. Chester Pierce, Batavia, Ill.,	$0 50	Danville Ch., Ky., J. L. McKee Band, for Mrs. Lucas's work in India,	$20 00
Ladies' F. M. S., Elizabeth, N. J, sup Mrs. Hutchinson,	65 75	Hamilton Square Ch., N. J, Aux. Soc., sup. teacher in Mrs. Wyckoff's school,	20 00
Flemington Ch., N. J., "The Gleaners," sup. Miss Kuhl,	20 00	Hollidaysburg "Sem. Band," genl. fund, $15.76; sup pupil Mynpurie, $30,	45 76
Kendallville Ch., Ind., S. S. Class, Woodstock,	5 00	Mahoning Ch., Danville, Pa., Aux Soc. $39; Olive Branch Band, $5; Pearl Band, $5,	49 00
1st Ch., Trenton, N. J., Aux. Soc., sup. Mrs. Hepburn,	113 00	Walnut St. Ch., Phila., Aux. Soc., additional, *special*, for Miss Jackson,	10 00
Cross Creek Village Ch., Pa, Aux. Soc., sup. Mrs. Easton,	50 00		
North Ch., Phila.. by P. S. M.,	3 00		
Old Pine St. Ch., Philada, "Workers for Jesus," sup. 2 Bible-readers, Mynpurie,	25 00		

Zanesville Ch, Ohio, Aux. Soc, sup. Mrs. Crossette, . $111 00
Lower Tuscarora Ch., Academia, Aux. Soc., for Miss Jewett's school, Tabreez, . 24 00
Caledonia Ch., N. Y., Aux. Soc, bal. scholarship Kolapoor, ... 7 07
North Ch. Phila., Little Light-Bearers, Inf. S., Jedaide building, ... 10 00
Cooper Sem., Dayton, Ohio, Ladies' Miss. Soc., for zenana teacher, . . . 22 00
1st Ch., Watertown, N. Y., Aux. Soc., scholarship Miss Allen's sch., Mexico, . . 39 50
Thompsonville Ch., Conn., Morning Star Band, sup. pupil in Gaboon, $5 60; Ella B. Frazer, contents mite box, $1, ... 6 60
Mrs. A. P. Waterbury, Rotherwood, East Tenn., . . 10 00
"R," Bridgehampton, N. Y., 1 00
Greencastle Ch., Pa., Aux. Soc, by Mrs. Sarah B. Beatty, ... 25 00
Slaterville Ch., Pa, Aux. Soc., 20 00
1st Ch, Washington, Pa., Aux. Soc., sup. Mrs. Easton, Persia, $60; Harvest Band of S. S, sup 3 pupils, Mrs. Alexander sch., $25; Try Band of S. S., *special*, for Miss Downing's sch., Chefoo, China, $28.65, . . . 113 65
Ivy Hall, Bridgeton, N. J., for Miss Jewett's sch, Tabreez, $66; Little Gleaners, sup. pupil Miss Dean's school, Oroomiah, $34, . . . 100 00
5th Ch., Cincinnati, by Mrs. B. Brown, training sch. for teachers, Saharanpoor, *gold*, ... 50 00
Emmettsburg Ch, Md., Aux. Soc, sup. pupil in Orphanage, India, $40; for general fund, $10.35, . . 40 35
1st Ch., Rome, N. Y, Aux. Soc., sup. pupil, Africa, . 15 00
Mrs. Mary Foster, Greensburg, Pa., ... 4 50
W. F M. S. Presb. of Cleveland, Ohio, 1st Ch., Cleveland, $59.30; North Ch, Cleveland, $5.90; Collamer Ch., Ohio, $7.50; Hudson Ch., Ohio, $11.31, sup. Miss Dascombe, and for Mexico, $84 01
Greencastle Ch., Pa, Aux. Soc, for Mexico. . . 25 00
2d Ch., Orange, N. J., Aux. Soc., sup. Mrs. Capp. . 1 1 50
Miss W. R. Tatum's school, Phila., for Emeline, blind ass't teacher, Mynpurie, . 3 75
Miss C. R. Watt, Charlotte, N. C, $3; girl's sch. (col.), $2.50, ... 5 50
"K. M. C.," Pa., . . . 5 00
Central Ch, Geneseo, N. Y., 2d Mary Gregory Band, sup. pupil, $8.45; Faithful Workers, Geneseo Academy, for Japan, $13.12, . . 21 57
Muskingum Ch., Ohio, Aux. Soc., ... 23 75
Passaic Ch., N. J, Aux. Soc., 13 00
Columbia Ch., Pa, Aux. Soc., sup. Bible-reader, . . 25 00
High St. Ch., Newark, N. J., Aux. Soc., for bell for 2d Ch., Canton, China, bal. for educational purposes in Canton, China, . . . 166 52
South Park Ch., Newark, N. J., Aux. Soc, sup. Miss Shaw, and ed. of girls in sch., China, . . . 122 23
Central Ch., Newark, N. J., Aux Soc, sup. native schs., in Canton, China, . . 72 50
Caldwell Ch., N. J., Aux. Soc, sup. of sch, and ed. of one girl, Canton, China, . . 87 50
1st Ch., Bloomfield, N J., Aux. Soc, sup. in part Miss Mattie Noyes, . . . 95 00
Westminster Ch, Bloomfield, N. J, Aux Soc, part sup. Miss Mattie Noyes, $35 50; Miss. Soc. in S. S., to ed. two girls, Canton, $70, . 105 50
Princeton Ch., Phila., Aux. Soc., part sup. Mrs. Whipple, ... 25 25
Miss Anna Wilson, . . 1 00
South Ch, Phila., Cheerful Givers, Infant Band, sup. pupil in Dehra, . . . 25 00
New Albany Ch., Ind., Aux. Soc., sup. Mrs. Carrothers, 140 00
Perth Amboy Ch., N. J, Harriett Newell Band, sup. pupil Mrs. Alexander's school, Mynpurie, ... 30 00

Clarksville Ch , Pa., Aux. Soc. sup. sch. care Mrs. Fanny Newton, Lahore, India, . $30 50
Wilkesbarre Ch , Pa , Aux. Society, $45; Miss Sallie Thomas' Miss. Band, $55, sup. Mrs. Graham, Kolapoor, ... 100 00
3d Ch , Trenton, N. J., Aux. Soc., for debt of Dehra sch. 50 00
Mount Joy Ch., Pa., Aux. Soc , ... 10 00
2d Ch., Cleveland, Ohio, Aux. Soc.,. 25 00
Mrs. McInnes, Phila , . . 1 00
Glendale Ch., Ohio, Miss Babbit's S. S. Class, half year's sup. pupil in Dehra, . . 30 00
4th Ch., Pittsburgh, S. S., part sup. pupil Mrs. Alexander's school, Mynpurie, . . 7 50
Miss Angie Young, Anandale, N. Y, ... 2 00
1st Ch., Princeton, N J., Anne Comlort Band, Mexico, . 40 00
Wooster Ch., Ohio, Aux Soc., sup Mrs. Hendricks, . . 40 00
Marion Ch., Pa., Aux. Soc., part sup. pupil Africa, . 10 00
Beulah Ch., Pa., Aux. Soe , part sup. Mrs. Barker, . 56 25
Spruce Creek Ch., Pa., Miss. Band, ... 177 00
New York Av. Ch., Washington, D. C., Ministering Children, part sup. Tabitha Buseo, $43.88; Youth's Miss. Soe., sup. Tabitha Busco, $12.12, . . . 56 00
Kingston Ch., Pa., Aux. Soc , 20 00
Ringoes Ch , N J., Miss. Band, Willing Workers, . . 31 00
From ——, Trenton, N. J , . 50 00
Ashland Ch., N. Y., Aux. Soe., ... 4 75
Wellsville Ch., Ohio, Aux. Soe., sup. native teachers, Furrukhabad, . . . 45 00
Market Square Ch , Germantown, S. S. Class, sup. a heathen child, . . . 21 87
Franklin Ch., Pa., Aux. Soc., 45 00
South St. Ch., Morristown, N. J., Randolph Miss. Band, for zenana work, . . 20 00
Plainfield Aux. Soc , N. J., sup. Mrs. Kellogg, . . $133 01
2d Ch., Baltimore, Aux. Soc , bal. sup. Mrs. Fitch, . 150 00
Downingtown Ch., Pa., S. S , sup. pupil in Dehra, . . 15 00
1st Ch., Youngstown, Ohio, Aux. Soc , for Mexico., . 35 25
Greeenwich Ch., Warren Co , N. J , Aux. Soe , sup. one of Mrs Calderwood's schs., 50 00
Bakerstown Ch., Pa., Aux. Soc., sup. two native teachers, India, ... 28 91
Central Ch., Pittsburgh, Aux. Soc., part sup. Mrs. Tracy, $50 ; sup. pupil under Mrs. Tracy, $30, . . . 80 00
1st Ch., Pittsburgh, Miss Spring's Miss. Band, sup. pupil in Mynpurie, . . 30 00
Ironton Ch , Ohio, by Mrs. Dr. W. F. Willson, . . . 25 00
Estate of Mrs. Margaretta Chambers, dec'd., Chambersburg, Pa , through her heirs, ... 100 00
West Alexander Ch., Pa., Aux. Soe., $128; Miss Sibbie Lawson, for Syria, $25, ... 153 00
Milton Ch., Pa., Aux. Soe , . 25 00
2d Ch , Carlisle, Pa , Miss. Band Pearl Seekers, sup. pupil Mrs. Walsh's sch., . 40 00
Cooperstown Ch., N. Y., Aux Soc., sup. seh , Syria, . 66 00
2d Ch , Fort Wayne, Ind , S S , sup. pupil in Dehra, . 31 00
From —— Bryn Mawr, Pa , . 5 00
Marksboro' Ch., N. J , Aux. Soe., for Cherokee Indians, ... 11 00
4th Ch., Trenton, N. J , Aux. Soc., sup. Mrs. Holeomb, . 100 00
Springfield Ch. Mo., L. F. M. S., Southwest, . . . 15 00

$4,183 30

West Chester Ch , Pa., box clothing for Dehra seh , val., $20; Miss Annie Birnie, Taneytown, Md , package for Miss Jaekson's school.

Mrs. J. D. McCord, *Treasurer*,

Philadelphia, August 1, 1874. 1334 Chestnut Street.

Our Little Workers.

THE BANYAN TREE.

"Its branches seek the soil, take root and stand,
Fit emblem of God's work in India's land."

THE banyan tree of India (Ficus Indica), represented in the above cut, is remarkable for its peculiar property of self-support and self-extension. From its wide spreading branches it sends forth roots, which descending, take hold of the soil and in their turn become the centres from which other branches spread out, thus, by a process which may be indefinitely extended, covering in time a large area of land. This tree is held in great veneration by the Hindoos. Under its grateful shade the weary traveller finds refreshing shelter and repose during the scorching heat of an Indian summer day. Here, too, we find the shrines of many an Indian god. The idols are frequently collected around the central trunk, and at times placed in temples erected for their accommoda-

tion. Here our missionaries often find audiences willing to hear the gospel preached to them. The banyan is often confounded with the Ficus religiosa or pipul tree. This should not be. It is by no means *so sacred* as the pipul. This latter is worshipped in lieu of Brahma himself, the first person of the Hindoo triad. The pipul grows to a very great size, but sends out no roots from its branches.

The banyan has frequently been selected as a fitting type of Christianity now being planted on Indian soil. Its "everspreading, self-sustaining and immortal energy" are beautifully, though it may be very imperfectly, set forth in the above picture.

A CHRISTMAS TREE IN APRIL.

Miss Jones, one of our missionary ladies in Africa, writes about this Christmas tree:

"The eighth of April was Mrs. Bushnell's birthday and her twentieth anniversary in Africa. We concluded to celebrate it by having a *Christmas tree*. You will laugh at the idea, but this was the only time that would suit us, so we got our tree, entwined it with a beautiful vine and decorated it with dolls, little mirrors, flags, balls, candies, cakes, &c., &c. All this was new to the school children and gave them unbounded delight; it really was very pretty The girls presented Mrs. Bushnell with a patchwork bedquilt, made from pieces of their own dresses. We ladies each received a little gift, and the children enjoyed the candies, cakes and toys sent by kind friends in America. The new melodeon graced the scene and furnished us sweet music. The room was adorned with green vines, the pictures, &c., were wreathed, and the beautiful new clock, sent by the young ladies of Lake Erie Seminary, added to the general interest. It was a very happy occasion to all of us."

Some of the paper dolls that helped to decorate this April Christmas tree, were sent to the children at Gaboon by a little colored girl about four years old. She lives with a lady in Philadelphia, and has become very much interested in the "little heathen

children," as she calls them. She is quite determined when she grows up to be a big woman to "go to Africa and teach the little girls there to be good, and to put *their work all away at night in the sewing room*, and to fold up their clothes when they go to bed." We often laugh at her earnest, cunning little speeches, but who knows that she may not one day be a missionary teacher in Africa?

A BRAVE INDIAN GIRL.

Miss Phillips, who has just returned to Odanah, after a visit in this part of the country, writes of what a young Indian girl of seventeen did while she was away:

"I have already told you that in the spring of the year *every family* leaves the village and goes to the woods to make maple sugar. They go out on the ice and put up wigwams on the banks of the rivers. Some go as far as twenty-five or thirty miles away; they are usually absent eight or ten weeks, and are ready to return in birch-bark canoes, when navigation opens. Their return is at a time when the rivers are high, and they sometimes, indeed quite frequently, make very narrow escapes from drowning. Last spring the rivers were unusually high, and several persons came very near being drowned, among them was a couple of our mission pupils and a whole family of our Christian Indians. During their stay in their sugar camps they often have many trials and difficulties, sometimes a scarcity of food before the trees yield their sap for the sugar.

"Hattie Green's mother was just recovering from severe illness, and when they were returning, at a curve in the river, the current being very swift and strong, their boat capsized and all went down into the river. As Hattie came to the surface and was going down the second time, she had a glimpse of her mother with a little daughter clasped in her arms and going down the second time; at the same instant she saw a little brother struggling in the distance. Hattie says her strength was all gone, she saw but *could not* help. Then as she again sank beneath the surface she thought she heard

a voice say to her, 'Fear not, my handmaid, *I* am with thee, stretch forth thy hand, *I will not leave thee!*' She threw out her arms, grasped her brother, and a moment later she was bearing brother, mother and sister to the shore. To-day, when talking with Hattie, I said, 'You were a brave girl, Hattie.' Without looking up from her work, she very quietly answered, 'No, it was not I; *I* was helpless, *Jesus did it all!*'"

BINDI BOSE.

THIS letter was written by Miss Craig, one of the teachers in the Dehra school, to a little boy who is supporting a scholar there.

DEHRA DOON, April 22, 1873.

MY DEAR LITTLE FRIEND: I am very sorry that you have been kept waiting such a long time to hear something about the little girl, whom you are paying for in our school. One reason of it is that the little girl whom I gave to you last year went home in the vacation which we have in December, and when school commenced again she did not come back as we expected. I waited and waited, thinking she would come back soon, and then I would write to you about her. But a little while ago we got a letter saying that some ladies had opened another school in the place where Hannah lives, and that she and some other girls who were here last year, have gone to that school instead of coming back to us. When I heard that, I said to myself, "I am afraid that dear little boy will be very much disappointed, so I must look for another little girl." I have found a nice little girl now, she is just about your own age. She is not very dark, just a pretty brown color, with bright black eyes and short black hair; she is smart and learns her lessons very nicely. She cannot talk in English yet, but she is learning to spell and read little words which are printed on the blackboard. She is in the seventh class.

I know you would like very much to hear all the little ones

count, they count in Hindustani and in English; when any little girl can count one hundred without making a mistake, their teacher gives her a little picture card, which makes her very happy. You know the children here never see any pretty book-stores with their windows full of beautiful cards and pictures, as you do at home, so when our friends send us, as they do sometimes, a little box full of cards and pictures for our school, it makes us all very happy. I forgot to tell you the name of your little girl, it is Biddhi Mukhi Bose; they call her here Bindi Bose, but you may call her "Annie Graeme" if you wish. She is just now a day scholar, her three sisters are boarding in the school and in a short time she is to come as a boarder too. Her father is a very good man, he and his family have been living here in Dehra for several years; he has five children, four girls and one little boy.

If you know how to write and will send a letter to Bindi Bose, I am sure she will be very glad, her sister will read it for her, and will write you an answer to it. I am so glad that you do not want to keep all your money to yourself, but are trying to do some good with it. I hope that you love Jesus very much, and that you are trying to please Him every day. If God spares your life maybe He will let you be a missionary when you grow up so that you can come here to India and preach to these people. Do you think you would like to do that? Now I must say good-by. I have a dear little nephew at home, who is nearly eight years old, when I pray for him I will pray for you too.

WHAT CAN I DO FOR JESUS?

This is what little Kitty was asking herself one bright morning, as she sat all curled up on the soft grass under a tree behind the house. "I can't be a missionary," she thought, "I'm not big enough, and I don't know enough either. Mamma says I must go to school, and when I am home I must learn to do things about the house, but this isn't doing anybody good but myself. I wish I could do something all for Jesus, that I knew He would like."

Just then her papa came out to see how his peach trees were getting along, and Kitty told him what she was thinking about. He sat down beside her and said,

"Kitty, what was the text I heard you repeating the other day? The one that begins with, 'Inasmuch.'"

"'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me,'" answered Kitty.

"Now do you know what it means, my child?"

"N—no, sir, I don't believe I do."

"You remember the old sailor who walked a long distance to see me last winter, and to give me that curious shell he had found on the coast of Africa."

"Yes, sir."

"Well, he did that because he knew and loved my father."

"Yes, sir; and he said that grandfather had been very kind to him."

"Yes, this man had never seen me at all, but came to see me and to make me a valuable present for your grandfather's sake. Now Jesus says, that what we do for the very least of those He loves, we do for Him, just as this man showed his love to your grandfather by being kind to me."

"Oh, yes, I see," said Kitty, and her eyes sparkled with the new idea, "but just giving a penny to help support our little girl in India, when I haven't any more to give, He won't think that is anything for Him, will He?"

"Yes, indeed, He may make that penny do a great deal of good for Him, if you give it because you love Him."

"But papa," and Kitty hesitated a little, for she was afraid she might be wrong, "when we girls of our mission band dress little dolls and make pretty little things to give the heathen children to keep them in school, is that a tiny bit of a something for Jesus too? We do it because we want the heathen girls to love Him."

"Yes, Kitty, that may be done for Jesus too."

"I'm so glad, papa; I am going to see how many things I can think of to do for Him, because I love to do all I can fo Jesus."

W. P. B. M.

Northwestern Department,

EDITED BY

THE SECRETARIES OF THE WOMAN'S PRESBYTERIAN BOARD OF MISSIONS OF THE NORTHWEST.

SIAM.

Mrs. S. R. House.

Bangkok, March 25, 1874.

Your letter of November did not reach me until the latter part of January, and it found me with heart and hands full, taking care of dear Miss Anderson, who was slowly recovering from typhoid fever and was still very weak. As soon as she was able to do so (February 4) she went to stay with one of our missionary ladies, and since then we have had masons and carpenters, and have been hurrying the work as fast as possible. We hope very soon to be ready to commence our school, long before this reaches you, I trust. . . .

We now reside in the court end of the city. The palaces of the first and second kings are on the opposite bank of the river, one a little below and the other a little above us, both in sight. We not only heard the report of the New Year guns but we saw the flash. A princess, who is our neighbor, came to see us a few days since, and I was very much amused at her wishing to borrow a pair of my shoes, as she was obliged to go to the palace and could not go without them. She said, "No matter about the *bags for the feet* (stockings), as I have a pair of my own." I lent the shoes and they were returned before evening. As I cannot go myself into the part of the palace where they probably went, I suppose I was to consider myself honored that my shoes went. When I left here

for my last visit to America, no Siamese would have thought of needing shoes or stockings on any occasion, but the court dress now makes them indispensable.

Twice a year the Siamese are required to take the oath of allegiance to their king. A few days since, the holidays over, the princes, lords, nobles, and every man of any distinction, dressed in their best, went to the palace and drank, and sprinkled their foreheads with water, into which had been dipped swords, daggers, spears and other instruments with which the king executes vengeance on those who rebel against him. Thus they call down vengeance upon themselves and their families in case of disloyalty. The priests only are excused, but they hold special religious services during the day in the royal temple. They are doubtless considered too religious to be disloyal.

INDIA.

IONIA, MICH., July 4, 1874.

MRS. K.: I send you herewith a letter from Debki, the young woman supported by our society in Ionia. I thought you would prefer to see both the original and the translation as they came, instead of a copy. . . .

MYNPURIE, Nov. 1, 1873.

RESPECTED MADAM: I am thankful to God for the letter you kindly sent for my support. The following are a few lines about myself. I have read the gospel with great earnestness night and day for the last eight years. I think I cannot know God without the help of his Holy Spirit, nor can I believe in Him without the help of Christ. Blessed be the goodness of God which supports the people of India from so far distant a country. The light of the gospel will be a means of saving many souls. May the Lord Christ have mercy upon the world! The Rev. J. M. Alexander and Mrs. A. have been kind and loving to me since they came here. I teach all women about Christ. I will turn to Christ when I have grace given to me from God. Send my best compliments to Mamsabit, I hope she will pray for me earnestly.

DEBKI.

JAPAN.

April 23, 1874.

In Japan there are facilities for mission work through the medium of the English language, not found in any other country. The young are so anxious to learn foreign languages, especially English, that classes are obtained with little difficulty, and many ask to study the Bible, frequently I think from curiosity, and because it is in a foreign tongue; nevertheless it is well to have it read, and it is ours to pray that the good Husbandman will foster and bring the seed to perfection in His own best harvest time.

I find the Japanese very fond of music. They learn a hymn tune quickly, and their voices, as a rule, are pleasant. You would be delighted to hear one little voice, only ten years old, singing loud and clear, "Rock of Ages," "Jesus loves me," "To-day the Saviour calls," "There is no name," with some others, and unconsciously leading all the other voices; the words are in Japanese. She had never heard a tune until I taught her.

My great want here is a house proper for work. I believe if any permanent good is to be accomplished, it will be through the means of boarding schools, where a steady, direct influence can be brought to bear, and where they can see what is the daily regulation and conduct of a Christian home. Day schools are all very well where nothing better is to be obtained, but both can be combined, and so little seeds can be wafted among the multitude. Could you do anything towards raising funds for a girls' school? I have written to the ladies in Philadelphia stating my want. I am very desirous that there be no dividing of interest in this matter among the different Woman's Boards.

My humble opinion is that if the Woman's Boards are to accomplish anything pleasantly, they will have, as far as possible, an equal share in every scheme that is started abroad, and not have any particular branch wish to absorb any special object, or else such branch must become an independent Board.

A. M. G.

PERSIA.

TEHERAN, April 1874.

MRS. K . . . . No missions have ever been opened to the east of us, and there is none on our west nearer than Tabreez, four hundred miles distant. All Central Asia is a moral desert in which there are no Christian laborers.

The question remains, Who shall give the gospel to the millions of this great interior? This peculiar privilege and honor in the providence of God seems to be reserved for you; that the interior of the new continent shall be first to undertake the evangelization of the interior of the old continent.

The women of all nationalities here partake of the prevalent spirit. The pure Persian character predominates and distinguishes them from co-religionists. The courtly bearing, culture of grace in person and manner, is characteristic of the people of the capital. But their falsity and utter lack of integrity is without a parallel in any civilized land. No people are more ready to regard with disdain a person supposed to be inferior, than these proud Persians, and no one can retain their respect who has not the ability, knowledge or grace to command it.

We own no buildings in Teheran except a very small chapel constructed last summer. The house I live in has in good part fallen down under the unusual rains of this winter. I pay for it a rent of about $100 per annum. Houses which (aside from land) have cost about $3000, are let to foreigners for a rental of $400 to $500. These high rents are due in good part to the large number of transient residents; also to the fact that the capital of all Eastern countries is the most prosperous city. Each family will need a dwelling, and I do not see how it will be possible to construct a house good for anything at an expense of less than $2500, aside from the cost of the land on which it is to be built. A suitable building will be needed for the school for girls. We also need a house for the boys' school. The mission at its annual meeting at Oroomiah, voted that each station should make its own representation to the Board at New York as to mission premises. It should not be forgotten that the same necessity for school-houses,

chapels and printing presses exist here, which is believed to exist in America. If these things are indispensable aids to the church there, they are equally so here. I have been painfully oppressed of late by our great need and the almost hopeless state of this people. I have looked for help from various sources, but I see it is a vain hope. The Lord Himself must do this work. He must by His spirit, now as at first, raise up His laborers furnished for His praise. Yours truly,

JAMES BASSETT.

EXTRACTS FROM MISS DEAN'S LETTERS.

OROOMIAH, Feb. 24, 1874.

MY DEAR C.: I almost fear that I am making a mistake in writing Oroomiah at the head of this letter; it should be Ypsilanti, for really I have been just living there the past week. But returning consciousness assures me I am right here in O., with a school of thirty-one girls on my hands, girls too who need the most careful guiding. A work of all on earth most dear to me, though it involves such fearful responsibility; and let me thank you personally, not only for your "corner" but for every effort that you are making or have made to contribute to my comfort and happiness. It may be a selfish feeling, yet so it seems to me that every thing pleasing and beautiful which I am permitted to enjoy helps to elevate and better fit me for my work. Please let me thank Mrs. Goodell for this same thought which she has expressed in her letter, and she may be assured that in wearing the shawl I shall remember her most tenderly, and will not forget to pray for the boys that they may be fitted for the great work in this broad vineyard where laborers are even now sorely needed.

Is there no young lady in Ypsilanti who can come to help me? I should be most happy to welcome one to our dear Persia home. If our Father bids her come He will care for her all the way and give her joy and peace which the world knoweth not of. But here, as everywhere, the bitter and the sweet must always be mingled. The coming of the box is one of the sweets—the bright spot from

which rays of sunshine are shooting out, making glad hearts by the way. I am not sure but through all the eternal years this joy is felt. I fear I shall appear wholly absorbed in my earthly treasures, but I feel that I must let you know how truly and thoroughly I appreciate your gifts and the efforts you, as a society, have made to add to my earthly comforts.

. . . Combs are always very useful. When preparing for the first wedding I attended here, I asked of our ladies, "What present shall I take for the bride?" One suggested a fine comb. I thought that was ridiculous, but really that is considered a very acceptable wedding present.

I wish you could fully understand how much the natives appreciate the fact that the Christians in America are really and truly caring for them.

TO THE Y. L. M. C. OF YPSILANTI.

THE people here have a very exalted idea of America, they see pictures which represent things as so beautiful, and articles sent us speak for themselves. They hear of our government, know of our Sunday-schools, of our institutions of learning, of charity, they hear of the wealth of the country till they can scarcely doubt that America and Paradise are one. And I too, often find myself forgetting that you have any bad or ignorant people there. I almost forget that you have any real self denials to make, any annoyances or grievances to bear. . . . It was a pleasure to look upon the familiar faces in the album, but I did so long to know about each one. The new faces looked familiar because they were from Ypsilanti.

A NOTE FROM THE FIRST CLASS.

Written from Oroomiah while Miss Dean was at Seir resting.

October 19, 1873.

TO YOU, DEAR PRECEPTRESS, HONORABLE MISS DEAN: We rejoiced much over your letter which came to our hands yesterday. (I printed it in English, as they are learning English.) And we tried to read it, but Sister Hoshebo translated it for us. And again if

you wish to know, we are just trying that no word of grief come to you about us that will disturb you now that you are resting, and we also are anxious that your weak body be strong again and your health be restored. And we all unite in your sorrow and remember you before the throne of His grace that He may support you physically, that you may come to us again, and that we may hear again those pleasant instructions which we have not heard for these seven days.

Also we believe that your heart is hovering round us. Remain in peace! FROM THE FIRST CLASS, WHO LOVE YOU.

PERSIA.

MISS MARY JEWETT.

TABREEZ, May 13, 1874.

. . . WE give Pharasat $60 per year for herself and family. Dear little Sultan, her daughter, fell into a well 60 feet deep and is very seriously injured. The well was dry. I fear for her life, indeed I wonder that she was taken out alive. Since the persecutions here, Pharasat has not been able to come to the school, and I have felt it prudent to stay away from the quarter where she lives, until yesterday and to-day, when I went to see Sultan. Her neighbors are very kind to her in this trying hour, and I am hoping to find an open door there. Oh, they are so degraded! . . .

Would any society like to support a boy in Tabreez, not in my school, but one I am very much interested in? He has been my servant for a long time, and has always loved his book and spent every spare moment in study. I do not need him any longer as a servant and the mission has taken him up as a pupil to educate. His name is Monassels. He is twenty years old, is a Christian, an Armenian. He speaks and reads, besides his own language, Persian and Turkish, knows some Khoordish and Syriac. He is learning English, is studying arithmetic, geography and grammar, teaches me Armenian and Mrs. Easton Turkish. We hope to make a teacher of him, nay more—a helper. He is very truthful

and upright, and came from Hamadan. . . . It will take about $40 a year for Monassels.

In the March number of *Woman's Work*, Miss J. writes there is a mistake, as the expenses mentioned are not incurred for the opening of the school merely. The rent of dwelling is $120 a year, of the school-room and her room $40.

PERSIA.

Khosheboo.

The City (Oroomiah), February 3, 1874.

Dear Mrs. Rhea: I have now great boldness toward you, such as I would not use toward others of the mission, since you do not despise the baseness of my widowhood. I must thank you for your sympathy and your faithful friendship towards me, that you give heed to my temporal and spiritual condition, which is unworthy of your notice. But what can be done by a widow, alone and obscure like myself? This work I do in my own village when I am there, but to travel about from village to village, how can I do it without some help from others? You, yourself, know my poverty, that I have not a hut to shelter my head. The small wages that I receive in the winter I spend while in the school for clothes for myself and orphan child, and it proves even too little. And now that my strength is unequal to my tasks in school, I am just obliged to buy myself a little tea and sugar. Then I go in the spring with my hands empty to my village; formerly I had no anxiety for that time because of the kind father who provided for me, but now he has gone to the dear heavenly home. You know what Nestorian brothers are, and how they look on a dependent sister, especially if they are drunkards. I have no time to tell you about the wretched wicked drunkeness.

We are working harder than ever this year in the matter of cleanliness. Every Saturday we examine their heads and their clothes, and also it has been found necessary that some of the little girls should have their hair cut off with a razor.

Death seems to me nearer than it used to. What destruction will be to those souls who go out from such a place of light. I rejoice in the great work your hands have found, in visiting missionary societies; surely you remind them of our school, that above all things to pray for us, for this is the first necessity.

Sabbath days we have two Sabbath-schools. In the morning I teach Oesta Pera's class of aged women, who cannot read. I teach them the history of the life of Christ, and all the morning lessons are on this subject. In the afternoon I teach a class of twenty young women, all readers in the prophecies of Isaiah. They greatly enjoy this privilege; then I return to my room and a class comes in to recite for an hour from the Epistles, their authors, who they were written to, their doctrines, &c., &c. In the evenings I hear the hymns that have been learned during the day, and then we have a little meeting of mingled prayer and earnest words, and sometimes this hour is most sweet and the prayers most fervent. This is the work of the days, suddenly and wonderfully becoming weeks and months, and rushing onward bearing us to eternity. I send my love and peace to your dear mother and precious children, kiss them for me. Elishwa, my daughter, also sends peace to them and to you. Receive love from every school girl, from me to yourself love without end, my heart is constantly with you. I have written at night before the candle, excuse me. The Lord cause us to meet in heaven, and satisfy us there with the joys and beauties of our God. Give my peace to every one you meet, from your truly loving

KHOSHEBOO OF SARALAN.

PERSIA.

OROOMIAH, February 9, 1874.

I HOPE my letter to Miss Baker reached her. It should have been received soon after yours was sent. In it I spoke particularly of Hannah; I wish we had a score of such teachers, as well disciplined and trained as she is. I think we could find work for them to do, and I believe the dear Christian ladies in America

would come forward and help support them. But few are like Hannah. She has had many trials, which I think have been sanctified to her. I know the times are hard, we feel them to be so here, for we are are obliged to retrench. The Board are still heavily in debt and of course that affects us.

. . . Rest we do not expect here, or ease, or enjoyment, but it is our privilege to have a cheerful hope and a firm and abiding trust, to live near the Saviour, committing all our cares, our trials and interests to Him, feeling sure He will sustain and comfort and guide us. You too, I doubt not, know how sweet it is to commit your cause to Him, knowing that He can, and believing that He will open the hearts of His people and cause the means to come which you require to carry on the great work which you have undertaken.

S. P. C.

CHINA.

PEKING, December 22, 1873.

MY DEAR FRIEND: Herewith I send you a letter from Lien Feng. His health, which was not good when he wrote you last, has improved, and we have every reason to be delighted both with the beautiful Christian character which he is developing and the progress he is making in his studies. Lien Feng also speaks of God's goodness in permitting us to open a new chapel, where we may daily preach the unsearchable riches of Christ. We bought the lot and built the chapel during the summer. On Sunday, the seventh of September, we dedicated it to the service of the true and living God. The dedicatory exercises were very interesting and were participated in by nearly all the missionaries in this great city. Our chapel is chaste in style and presents a neat appearance both within and without. It is not costly, having been erected at a cost of about $1000. It will seat about three hundred and is well suited to our purposes. Since the first day that we opened it, the attendance has been great. We hope God intends a great blessing to this city and its lost millions by its influence.

D. C. McC.

CHINESE CUSTOMS.

Miss Downing.

Let us enter a Chinese home and note some of the customs of the family. Death has entered before us and laid his icy hand upon the mother, but ere the spirit leaves the body, her children dress her in the best clothing the house affords. If this is not done before the breath leaves the body, she will go naked into the spirit world (as the sick wear no clothing). She must also be moved from the kang to a wooden bed or laid upon benches. If these cannot be obtained, a door may be taken from its hinges and laid upon the ground, which is the only floor most of these houses contain. But better that she die upon this bare ground than on the kang, lest her spirit gets into it, and remaining there, unable or unwilling to find its way out, proves troublesome to the family.

As soon as the breathing ceases, two constables are at once sent from the temple of the neighborhood god, with manacles and chains, to arrest the spirit, which, chained to a long bamboo or pole, they drag into the presence of this god. Therefore the eldest son and other male relatives rush frantically out, crying and wailing, to this same temple. The son carrying a bowl of millet (porridge) for his mother, and offerings of paper money for these gods or constables to bribe them to loose the fetters of their captive and treat her kindly, allowing her to ride instead of dragging her in chains to the place of judgment. Sometimes they take a lock and unlock it, while praying the gods thus to free the spirit of the dead. In the meantime, some one goes to a shop, where such things are always on hand, and buys a sedan chair, four chair bearers, and a fifth servant to accompany them. Names are given to these mock servants, and being written, are pasted on their backs, that the departed spirit, who is supposed to ride in this chair, may know by what name to call them, if she has occasion to speak to them by the way, as she goes on from stage to stage of her journey in the spirit world. A horse or a mule may take the place of the chair, according to the wealth of the family. These are burned before the dwelling before they are of use to the spirit.

Being made of paper and flexible reeds, the conflagration is soon over.

Cakes are put into the sleeves of her garments, to be thrown to the dogs of the spirit world, to propitiate them, and cause them to allow her to pass on unmolested by them. Very early on the morning after the death, the son again goes to the temple, still accompanied by his friends. This time bearing cakes or "dry food" for the spirit to eat, to give her strength and courage for the judgment awaiting her. At the same early hour of the morning of the third day, the same procession again goes to the temple, this time bearing a large quantity of cooked rice, a bowl of which is offered for the spirit, and the rest eaten by the mourners, to keep them from sickness. That which is offered for the spirit's use is put upon the ground and eventually eaten, not by the spirit, nor yet by the canine spirits, for whom the sleeves are filled with cakes, but by real, living, hungry dogs, which eat not only the food offered for the spirits of the dead, but also the dead bodies of children, especially the first-born, who die in infancy. It is only on the first day that the spirit is at the temple of the neighborhood god. This god is entreated to forward the offerings and prayers to the gods of the higher temple (or superior courts), where the spirit is from day to day. The second day it is at the temple of the god who governs the Hëen or district; the third at the "Foo" or higher district; the fourth at the capital of the province; the fifth at Peking, where its fate is determined. After the third day the spirit has passed beyond the reach of the family, and no more offerings are made in this manner.

On the fourth day after the death, a tent is erected just outside the door, furnished with tables and chairs. This tent is occupied by the priests of the neighborhood, who are the musicians for these occasions, and who remain in this tent during the days preceding the burial. When a visitor is about to enter to condole with the afflicted family, it is by their manner of playing that the mourners know whether the guests are men or women. If men, the sons and male relatives go to the room and kneel at the head of the coffin, and thus receive their visitors. A son, or grandson, takes,

with both hands, a waiter upon which are strips of white cloth, prepared for covering the head. With this raised above his head, which is bent down, he goes to each guest and presents the waiter. They each take a piece of the cloth, cover their heads, and thus prepared, kneel and prostrate themselves with the mourners. If the guests are women, the daughters-in-law and daughters go to the room, and kneeling at the sides of the coffin receive their friends, and one of them in like manner presents the cloth for the covering of the head. A small low lamp at the head of the coffin is kept burning. This is filled with fragrant oil. If this oil burns out slowly, it is an omen of good to the family; if quickly, of evil.

The coffin is made long enough, so that within, at the head, can be placed an earthen jar. This is filled with food. Chop-sticks are then put in, projecting from the top, so as to make it as high as possible, and the whole is tied in a square of white cloth. On each side of this jar are paper servants, whose business is to keep the dead posted in family affairs.

The head-dress of the dead woman has a pearl fastened on the front, and one also on the toe of each shoe. These are for lanterns, to light up the path in which the spirit walks in the dark world of the dead. The shoes have embroidered soles. Only those who wear such can enter the world of bliss. If there is any leather upon the soles, in their state of transmigration, they will enter a like animal of whose skin the leather was made.

A tiny bit of silver and a very little tea is wrapped together in a red paper and put in the mouth of the dead. This is to insure her being *good* in another state of existence. The time that elapses before the burial depends upon the wealth of the family; it may be five or six days, or it may be one hundred. The spirit is supposed to return, for *one* visit, to the house. The time of its return is known by consulting some book of necromancy; ashes are sprinkled over the floor, kang, tables, and everything in the room, and some water left in a drinking vessel.

(*To be continued.*)

Home Work.

OUR MISSION.

God has placed us all in this world for a *purpose*, each has a *mission* on earth. He, in His wisdom, has given us a *work* to do, hath said, "Go ye into the world, and preach the gospel to every creature."

And now, dear Christian sisters, let us think of the darkened heathen lands of this world, where Christ is not known, the gospel never heard nor the Bible ever read, where scarcely it is known there is a God; for a moment think of their ignorance and misery, do they not *need a Saviour?* Oh, let us "preach the word" there, if we are not permitted to go to them, let us send or aid in sending the blessed gospel to these benighted lands that lie in sin.

Dear reader, is this not *your mission?* Has not God given *you* this work to hasten on the time when "all shall know Him?" Yes, Christian friend, the work is *ours*, may we labor therefore, knowing that our "labor is not in vain in the Lord," then will God in His own good time "give the heathen to His Son for an inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for a possession." And when the end shall come, shall we not all appear before the throne of God, bringing our sheaves with us, there to praise Him through eternity?

Will you tell the "glad tidings?" L. M. M.

The following was received too late for publication in the Annual Report.

MARSHALLTOWN, IOWA.

Organized June 10, 1870. Secretary, Miss Helen A. Clark. Number of members, 30. Number of copies of *Woman's Work* taken, 2. Amount of money contributed during the past year $53 35. Special object to which money has been devoted, support of Miss Mary Jewett, Persia.

"ET TENEO ET TENEOR."

I hold a suffering Saviour,
He suffers now for thee;
I hold Him ever upward,
That all the world may see.
On Calvary's plain I ever hold Him high,
Look thou unto Him, and thou shalt not die.

I hold a dying Saviour,
He dieth now for thee;
I hold Him forth for evermore—
For evermore for thee.
The suffering Saviour dieth on the cross,
And dar'st thou count His sacrifice but loss?

"I hold and I am held." What holdeth me?
The men who saw Christ hanging on the tree.
The men of every race, and every time,
Are holding forth the cross in every clime.
Holding it high in prayer and faith, they sing
The wondrous praises of their Heavenly King.

"I hold and I am held," and this shall prove
A power by which all hearts shall quickly move.
The cross, the precious cross is held on high,
The cross on which the Saviour deigned to die.
"I hold and I am held," and evermore,
A ransomed throng shall tell the story o'er.

A. B. B.

Lansing, Mich.

An article from "Contributor," entitled "How much do I owe?" has been reserved for a leaflet, and can be had by sending to 48 McCormick's Block.

NEW SOCIETIES.

Mason, Michigan.
Howell, Michigan.
"Wight Mission Band," Bay City, Michigan.
Vassar, Michigan.
Eunician Society of Presbyterian Church, Acton, Indiana.
Muncie, Indiana.

DATE DUE

[illegible]	[illegible]		
GAYLORD			PRINTED IN U.S.A.